



**APPENDIX I  
FROM THE CBI TO THE MARIANAS**

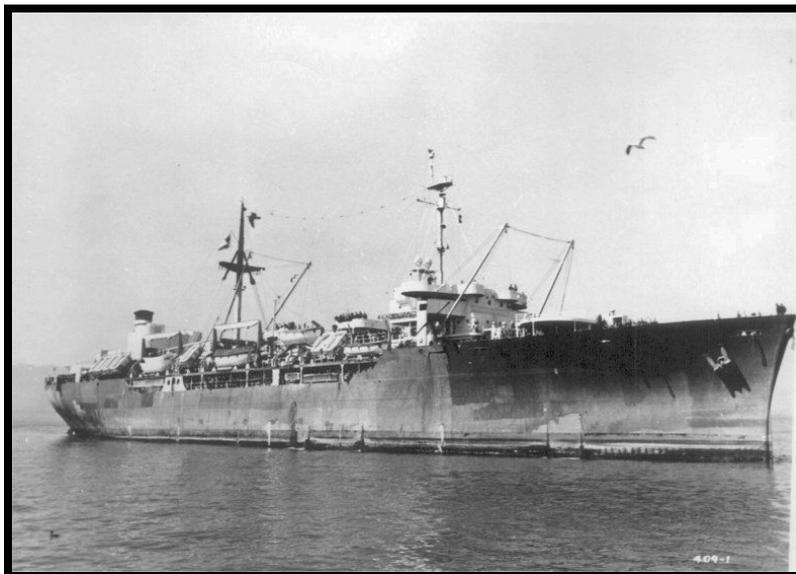


**FROM THE CBI TO THE MARIANAS  
OR  
WAIT UNTIL THE 58<sup>TH</sup> GETS HERE!  
By  
DENNY D. PIDHAYNY**

Rumors began to fly in January 1945 that we were due for another move, this time to Tinian in the Marianas. Sometime in February one half of our ground force was packed away and shipped. Their job was to make the new Base ready for the Air Squadrons, which were to arrive later. The remaining half kept things going for the missions even though at one half strength. The work got done. Also about this time, some of our Pilots were transferred on temporary duty with the 313<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing on North Field, Tinian. They were to be our new neighbors.

As April came we began to pack the remaining half. The excitement was building up. The Air Crew and aircraft were being put into order. Come May 4, the last morning report was filed in the CBI. For the Air Crews, the flight went first across the Hump into Luliang, China and then over the Philippine Sea on to West Field, Tinian. The first mission from the Marianas by the 58<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing was with 88 aircraft participating and took place May 10. In a few days the numbers rose to full strength (180-200).

While the Air Crews were on the go, we loaded a new troop transport sent special from Oakland, California just for us. This was her maiden voyage. She was called the USS General Leroy Eltinge. As the war in Europe ended, we sat in the Houghly River in Calcutta for the tide to come in. After two days we headed down the Bay of Bengal for the refueling Naval Port of Trincomalee, Ceylon and then for three days in Perth, Australia and the around Australia, northward to Manus in the Admiralties for a day, finally debarking at Tinian. A total of 32 days was spent on the trip.



USS Leroy Eltinge (AP-154)



**Our mechanics and cooks joined in to help the ship’s Crew. Three meals a day were served. This was indeed a contrast and felt so pleasant.**

**The B-29 personnel took over the control and running of the passenger aspect of the ship. We had some fellows heading for the States after a number of years in the CBI. They were part of the Mars Task Force and Merrill’s Marauders. Many were weak and sick so they deserved the rest.**

**At night the top deck was covered with GIs all over the place. The discipline and conduct were excellent. In a way this had the makings of a pleasant cruise. We were permitted to visit Perth and Fremantle and enjoyed what we saw. The Australians were hospitable. EMU Bitter’s Ale had the best taste.**

**As we were ready to leave the Port of Fremantle the picture of the Australian Military Band playing our National Anthem made a lasting impression. I was assigned Compartment Commander of some 200 to 300 colored troops. Some were from our Army Ordnance Unit, if I recall correctly, and others were from the Burma Units. We were tops and they were a great bunch of fellows. We always passed inspection A-1.**

**No storms, no scares, the beauty of the huge graceful albatross soaring over the Great Australian Bight was another work by His Hand.**

**On June 8 we were at Tinian. There are times when the words given by your fellow associates in arms stand as a tribute not only to the receiver but also to the giver. That day the words spoken over the public address system by the Naval Captain was one of those cases. Whoever he was there can be no doubt that he was the true man of the sea and it is on such men that the heritage of the service is built.**

**Once on Tinian we joined in. We did not feel Nature on our backs. The work went on.**



**APPENDIX II**  
**THE VISIT OF GENERAL OF THE ARMY HENRY H. ARNOLD TO**  
**WEST FIELD, TINIAN**



## THE FINAL CURTAIN RISES

By

DENNY D. PIDHAYNY

During mid-June 1945 on West Field, Tinian after spending a good part of the night hours on the flight line with half of my radar technicians and then watching our aircraft take off and head northwards, I returned to the mess hall to have a cup of GI coffee. After a slow drink, I headed to the tent that was home for sleep.

It must have been what appeared to be only a fleeting moment of time when I was awakened by the Group’s first sergeant and told that I was to assemble all of the troops from the Group and march them down to the flight line. I asked, “What happened to all of the Majors and Lt. Colonels?” He replied like an Army sage with 27 years service, “Sir, I cannot find a one of them!” You must realize that Tinian is 10 miles long and four miles wide at one point.

As the sun became bright I was out and ahead of our sleepy-eyed Air Crewmembers, mechanics, technicians, orderly room clerks, etc., and marched them over to the flight line. This all struck us somewhat as strange that in the Overseas Zone such activity was planned, but then one followed and did his best.

We marched into No. 3 position, if my memory serves me right, along with the other three Groups of the 58<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing. No one appeared to know what this was all about.

I was in front of our fellows and along with the others we waited. Shortly in time someone yelled, “Attention!” We all hopped to. From the distance came a jeep and stopped some 30 to 50 feet in front of us. I immediately recognized that it was General Henry H. Arnold. He sat in the right front seat. The driver was Brigadier General Roger Ramey, our Wing Commander, and in the rear was Colonel Alva L. Harvey, our Deputy Wing Commander. As I looked at him I knew that Father Time had taken its price. Further, I knew that I was looking at a man who was part of the history of aviation.

As he departed from the jeep I could see and almost feel the smile and grin coming at us that outshone the sparkle of the ring of stars on his collar. As he walked slowly to the platform one could observe the square, infantry-made shoulders but the head did droop some. He reached the platform and ordered us “at ease”.

I have often wondered what was on his mind at that moment. Was it the pain of his recent heart attack? Was it that he was reflecting on his our young life in World War I, how sickness deprived him of overseas air combat service? Or was it that his youthful spirit was trying to burst out from his body and join us which it could not break the bonds of age.

He then began by saying that he wanted to see us and talk to us. He said some kind words of thanks and appreciation for our efforts. He next spoke of the ending of the war without an invasion. This view, he said, was held by two groups in Washington. He said he was not sure but hoped they were right. One year had passed since the first Yawata mission.

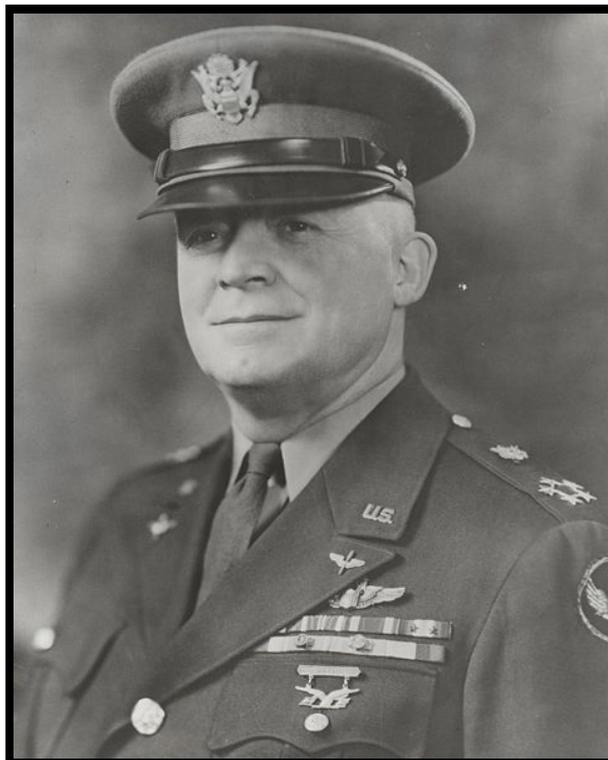


There was much more, but as I reflect through the perspective of time these words come to light:

The War was taking its toll  
The Old Man was giving the  
last ounce of his devotion.  
The Big Push was on.

When it was all over,  
His young troops who came through  
could say of their Old Man from West Point  
This was his finest hour.

Extract of presentation of painting “Gen H.H. Arnold” B-29, 468<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group to the United States Military Academy, 1975 at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Given by Denny D. Pidhayny.



General Henry H. Arnold  
(<http://www.army.mil/images/2007/05/20/4285/>)



Dear Denny,

Your recent letter arrived just before I took off on Temporary Duty, and I had better get you some answers before the whistle blows again, like next week.

On the 15 June 1945 episode involving Gen. Henry H. Arnold, at this distance memory is obviously foggy, but as I remember the incident, it went something like this:

About 11:30 that morning, I was in the Group Headquarters Quonset, just about to go to lunch, when the Wing (58<sup>th</sup>) A-1 telephoned. Near as I can recall, his instructions ran something like this: “There is to be a formation down at the (don’t remember the exact location, but it was out of our housing area) at 1300 because General Arnold is coming, and wants to talk to the first B-29ers in action. Get 50 to 75 guys from each of your units, and don’t bother about class “A” uniforms – take ‘em anyway they are, right now, the more informal, the better. Grab cooks out of the mess halls, mechanics off the flight line – anybody – but get ‘em there.”

Mysteriously (!), all of the headquarters brass had completely vanished – both Colonel Jim and Colonel East, Lt. Colonel Nye, the Operations Officer – everyone. So, I had to scratch. The 792<sup>nd</sup> Bombardment didn’t show any rank to speak of, but I did locate Pappy Hatfield, then a Lt. Colonel and Commanding Officer of the 793<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Squadron, in his sack, with something like the following dialog:

Me: “Pappy, get your a\*\* out of there – we got a formation, and you are the ranking type on Base.”

Pappy: “Like hell – get out of here, and let me sleep. Get someone else to do your parading.”

Me: “Pappy, if there was anyone else with more brass, I would have nailed them – unfortunately for you – you are it!”

And so, after scratching up the first shirts in the other outfits, we proceeded to the assembly point – down on one side of the flight line, as I remember, at a point where there was a wooden stage which had been used for some USO shows. The other Groups in the 58<sup>th</sup> had also gotten the word, and each showed up with their “Coxey’s Army” – the damndest rag-tag collection of greasy coveralls, T-shirts, cook’s whites – any combination there was. Each Group formed up into a close order block, with Squadrons side by each. The Wing A-1 was “adjutant” for the formation, and found that Pappy was the senior birdman present, whereupon Pappy, much to his chagrin and disgust, had to proceed front and center, and make like the Wing Commander, after which I took over his space in front of the 468<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group.

We were on the extreme left of the formation, which also was the side from which General Hap’s party entered. First, of course, came the Old Man, with a half-smile on his face, followed by quite a retinue, or comet-tail, of lesser brass, and I distinctly remember the double-take on the part of one one-star as he glanced at us in passing, and then turned around to stare, to make sure he had seen what he thought he had seen, the goldingest unmilitary outfit in the history of the United States Army Air Forces.



Believe you have captured the essence of General Hap’s speech – he was proud of us for what we had been able to do, and also for proving out his pet theory about long-range heavy bombardment, which as you know, went back quite a distance. He said he had wanted to come out and see us for some time, and felt it appropriate to use the first anniversary of the first big raid (Yawata) to do it. And his manner of speech was such that even us “paper-pushers” (at that time I was Group Personnel Officer) could understand.

I can still hear Pappy threatening all kinds of things and ways to get even with me for putting him on the spot, but I think he secretly enjoyed it, since he was introduced to the Big Boss and some of the other visitors. For a while, I was being accused on being unsanitary, and illegitimate – believe you may have heard the rather concise expression for these conditions, which, while untrue, represented Brother Hatfield’s heart felt conviction at that time.

Martin P. Casey  
17 May 1976

Editor’s note: Major “Pappy” Hatfield was killed in the Korean War. He was listed as Missing in Action until 2007.

12/13/2007 - WASHINGTON (AFP) -- Officials from the Department of Defense Prisoner of War/Missing Personnel Office announced Dec. 12 that the remains of Col. Douglas H. Hatfield of Shenandoah, Va have been identified and are being returned to his family for burial with full military honors.

On April 12, 1951, Colonel Hatfield was one of 11 crewmembers on a B-29 Superfortress that left Kadena Air Base, Japan, to bomb targets in the area of Sinuiju, North Korea. Enemy MiG-15 fighters attacked the B-29, but before it crashed, three crewmembers were able to bail out. They were captured and two of them were later released in 1954 to U.S. military control during Operation Big Switch. The third crewmember died in captivity. He and the eight remaining crewmembers were not recovered.

In 1993, the North Korean government turned over to the United Nations Command 31 boxes containing the remains of U.S. servicemen listed as unaccounted for from the Korean War. Four sets of remains from this group were subsequently identified as crewmembers from the B-29.

In 2000, a joint U.S./North Korea team, led by the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command excavated an infantry fighting position in Kujang County where they recovered remains that included those of Colonel Hatfield.



**APPENDIX III**  
**WHY THE 468<sup>TH</sup> BOMB GROUP FLEW MISSIONS**  
**WITH THE 313<sup>TH</sup> BOMB WING**  
**BY**  
**MAJOR JIM PATTILLO**



### Why 468<sup>th</sup> Crews Flew Missions With the 313<sup>th</sup> Wing

In the Spring of 1945, India seemed a ‘long way from home’ for those 468<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group members who had worked and strained as only idealistic young men can work and strain. Six months of incessant, dangerous, frustrating effort taught them two things: Ending the war with Japan would be more difficult than they imagined before arriving in India and major changes in their lives were the norm – a lot of tough soldiering lay ahead and there was no telling where they might be based next.

Studying their own strike and reconnaissance photos had taught them – in spite of war communiqués – to know when their effort had failed miserably or paid off handsomely. They had watched changes among the brass above them: the previous August, LeMay – the European heavy bomb expert – took charge of them, disapproved their operating technique, changed it dramatically, then moved on to take charge of the larger XXIst Bomber Command in the Marianas. By February 1, 1945, they had seen the 468<sup>th</sup>’s Detachment at A-7 pack its special tools and B-29 spares, turn over its vehicles and non-peculiar equipment to the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force detachment at A-7, and return (with its special tools, equipment and B-29 spares) to India. Few strategic targets were within range of their Bengal Province Base, and the big target – Japan – was well beyond range now that they had no staging Base in China. Honshu – the center of Japanese government, commerce and industry, had never been within effective range, but now all of Japan was beyond their reach. They knew enough of war to realize they were too important to be left in the backwater of India – something “different” was about to be done with them.

Through February and early March, they enjoyed Kharagpur’s beautiful, cloudless skies, made repeated runs to Singapore, plastered lightly defended targets at Kuala Lumpur and Rangoon, and read of the 73<sup>rd</sup> Wing’s continuing daylight campaign against Tokyo, Nagoya and Osaka. They could tell a tough target from a milk-run without having to go to either, so didn’t envy the 73<sup>rd</sup>’s every raid being to Tokyo, Nagoya or Osaka where the opposition was as tough or tougher than they had encountered at Yawata the previous August.

Clearly, the weight of the air campaign against Japan had shifted to the XXIst, and the 468<sup>th</sup> wasn’t accustomed to taking a back seat. Though none knew what the brass had in mind, a move to the Marianas seemed most likely.

February 14, 1945, the Group received classified orders to select four Combat Crews for extended temporary duty in the Marianas, so Crews were selected, told to prepare for a permanent change of section, and stand-by for orders.

Those affected had a myriad of things to do, such as buy whatever their PX ration cards entitled them to (for none knew what the PX at one’s destination might be like), get rid of anything that could not be moved in the airplane, write a letter home saying there might be a disruption in delivery of one’s mail, but “not to worry”, buy another pair of service shoes or whatever (from the Commissary), etc. It would be well to minimize the amount of laundry in the hands of the native laundryman, for when the order to move came, it wouldn’t allow much time. Some took another trip to Calcutta. One Pilot took this opportunity to mail home some hand made lace purchased several months earlier (and, after arriving in the Marianas received a letter from his family, suggesting that he “go buy all of that lace you can find”).



Meantime, Maintenance Crews readied the airplanes to which those Flight Crews were assigned; the airplane's Crew Chief and his assistant were to go with the airplane, so received the same instructions as the Flight Crews, and, in addition to readying the plane, started making the same preparations as the Flight Crews.

Squadron Personnel and Operations staffs updated and kept current the flight and personnel records on those people and made ready to "close them out" on short notice. Each element of the 468<sup>th</sup> knew what such a move involved, and set about preparing the men, the planes and their equipment to move on short notice.

March 10 1945, the Armed Forces Radio news bulletin posted on unit bulletin boards featured a news release about a low-level fire raid Gen. LeMay had the XX1st Bomber Command (73<sup>rd</sup> and 313<sup>th</sup> Wings, and parts of the new 314<sup>th</sup> Wing) make on Tokyo. We shuddered to read of Combat Crews being sent in at 6-8,000 feet but were pleased at the loads they carried and amazed at the light losses and heavy damage caused. A couple days later, another bulletin reported a similar raid on Nagoya. About two days after that, a third bulletin reported a low-level raid on Osaka. Within 10 days, the XX1st Bomber Command had run three devastating raids on Japan's most important cities and, suddenly, we realized that we were outside the big time.

March 18 1945, the Group cut its Special Order providing, in part, that "...the following named Officers and Enlisted Men are relieved from present assignment and duty at this station (Kharagpur, India) and are assigned to shipment numbers and aircraft as indicated and will proceed as directed via military aircraft, rail and/or government vehicle pursuant to authority contained in classified letter, Hq XX Bomber Command file XX BC 320.5 A dated 14 Feb 45...status of personnel will be Temporary Duty from their present organization." The Special Order listed the Crews of Captain Alvah J. Reida, 792<sup>nd</sup> Squadron, Major James L. Pattillo and Captain Patrick H. Saunders, 793<sup>rd</sup> Squadron, and Captain Levi W. Goodrich, 794<sup>th</sup> Squadron.

March 20 1945, Group Operations Order #1 was issued stating, in part "...Under authority contained in classified letter, Hq XXth Bomber Command, dated 14 February 1945, file XX BC 370.5A, the following listed aircraft with Crewmembers and passengers as indicated will proceed on or about 21 March 1945 as directed, and will report to Commanding General at destination for further orders. Shipment number is 57001:

**Aircraft B-29 42-63417 (SHIPMENT #57001)**

Capt	1093	ALVAH J. REIDA,	O-799 862, AC
1 <sup>st</sup> LT	1093	NEY M. FOWLER,	O-750 969, AC
1 <sup>st</sup> LT	1036	DONALD E. MARSH,	O-747 042
1 <sup>st</sup> LT	1036	PAUL C. BROWN,	O-741 098, AC
1 <sup>st</sup> LT	1028	EUGENE R. TROBAUGH,	O-863 128, AC
T/Sgt	580	James F. Mulligan,	12 126 292
S/Sgt	867	Robert M. Copeland,	19 072 211
S/Sgt	1684	Thomas A. McConnell,	20 631 751
S/Sgt	757	Solomon T. Nichols, Jr.	34 681 751
Sgt	1685	Marcel Rogissart, Jr,	11 113 521
Sgt	748	Michael Petras	11 096 108
T/Sgt	750	Leroy D. Walsher	18 019 465



Cpl	684	George E. Clarke, Jr	10 410 774
LT COL	2120	CUSTIS N. GUTTENBERGER	O-193 679, AC
MAJOR	2120	ROSS LANGLEY	O-485 793, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1028	EDWARD MORRIS	O-855 797
S/Sgt	502	David C. Schlesinger	32 512 225
S/Sgt	502	James E. Tripp	36 767 491

Aircraft B-29 42-24484 (SHIPMENT #57001)

MAJOR	1093	JAMES L. PATTILLO	O-420 937, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1093	HAROLD D. MADDEN, Jr	O-751 169, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1036	JAMES H. EVANS	O-736 633, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1036	ARCHIE Y. DAMRON	O-736 690, AC
M/Sgt	737	Emil Pierozak	20 249 350
S/Sgt	2756	Abraham L. Butler	38 444 483
T/Sgt	580	Herbert W. Sukowaty	36 218 925
Sgt	1684	Robert J. Auth	39 283 794
Sgt	1685	Joseph E. Pokraka, Jr	35 564 301
S/Sgt	748	Lew L. Murray	14 060 645
S/Sgt	750	Robert W. Keating	17 128 907
S/Sgt	747	Marcel E. Pearson	17 107 538
LT COL	4010	ROBERT E. GREER	O-021 910, AC
LT COL	2162	FREDERICK G. WILSON	O-380 440, AC
MAJOR	1093	KENNETH D. THOMPSON	O-411 738
T/Sgt	502	Wayne K. Kistler	37 579 037
Sgt	070	George W. Smith, Jr	14 094 251

Aircraft B-29 42-63532 (SHIPMENT #57001)

CAPT	1093	PATRICK H. SAUNDERS	O-794 699, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1093	CECIL E. JENNINGS	O-751 741, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1093	HOMER F. TEAGUE	O-811 799, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1036	HARRY K. PARROCK	O-686 126, AC
FO	1028	HERMAN PADGURSKI	T-192 784, AC
S/Sgt	2756	Albert G. Seekatz	37 494 507
S/Sgt	2867	John F. Lynch	37-262-035
S/Sgt	580	Arlie E. Finch	35 628 448
S/Sgt	1684	Robert Iverson	31 277 243
S/Sgt	1685	Joseph A. Kosoglov	35 323 561
S/Sgt	748	Valentine H. Brutlag	37 273 467
S/Sgt	750	John A. Ryder	13 099 015
Sgt	747	Kenneth W. Kramer	38 228 277
COL	3161	DWIGHT O. MONTEITH	O-525 253, MC
MAJOR	2162	FRANCIS E. McDONOUGH	O-725 182, AC
M/Sgt	502	Roderick W. Frederickson	33 182 777
Cpl	405	Emlyn C. Sholler	37 725 134



**Aircraft B-29 42-63464 (SHIPMENT #57001)**

CAPT	1093	LEVI W. GOODRICH	O-421 075, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1093	WARREN E. GRIFFIN	O-674 366, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1036	CHARLES E. MORESI	O-549 687, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1036	RICHARD H. STILLIONS	O-683 161, AC
1 <sup>ST</sup> LT	1028	MERLE D. JONES	O-867 939, AC
FO	1038	RAYMOND J. FRANZ	T-124 853
Sgt	2756	Charles H. Bowman, Jr	13 091 452
S/Sgt	580	John D. Dow	13 157 837
S/Sgt	1684	Harold E. Mufford	12 200 459
S/Sgt	1685	William E. Wilson	15 116 609
S/Sgt	748	Bernard K. Henson	18 181 342
M/Sgt	750	Richard W. Koontz	37 068 466
Sgt	684	Frank H. Jones, Jr	31 220 043
COL	1093	THOMAS E. MOORE	O-22 466, AC
LT COL	2162	ALAN F. ADAMS	O-388 861, AC
LT COL	9301	SETH S. TERRY	O-903 831
MAJOR	2260	PHILIP G. MOORE	O-460 205, AC
S/Sgt	502	Grant Ward	19 011 781

Each airplane carried its Combat Crew, Crew Chief, Assistant Crew Chief, and 5 passengers from XXth Bomber Command Headquarters (which, once it reached Tinian, would become known as the 58<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Wing). The passengers included the Assistant Chief of Staff of each major Staff Element of the XXth Bomber Command. They were being moved to the Marianas ahead of the main force that they might familiarize themselves with operating conditions in the Marianas while West Field Tinian (the future home of the 58<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing) was still under construction, and expedite the Wing's main force into action once it reached Tinian. And, the Combat Crews that ferried these staff persons could fly combat missions from the Marianas, familiarize themselves with operating conditions within that theater, and stand ready to brief their regular Squadron mates once they arrived from India.

At around 08:00 am, March 21, 1945, the four Crews took off from Kharagpur and headed for Luliang, China to refuel and proceed to destination (still unknown to them). One Pilot met his 5 passengers at the front of the plane and chose one to ride "up front" – all others had to ride in the rear compartment. He slightly knew one of the Lt. Colonels assigned to his plane and invited that Officer to ride in the forward compartment. The other Lt. Colonel was not too happy, but accepted the decision gracefully. Years later, the Pilot – who had become a Colonel – again met that "second" Lt. Colonel, who had become a Major General. He never mentioned the flight from India to Tinian.

These Crews' last Hump flight was uneventful, mostly a sunny, smooth ride above a deck of scattered to broken strato-cumulus. Luliang was "wide open", so they landed, refueled, lunched (fresh eggs in the Flight Line beanery), were briefed on the next leg of the journey, napped and waited for takeoff. Around 5:00 pm, and a few minutes before they were to start engines, a Chinese Air Force pilot shooting landings in a P-38 (on a beautiful, sunny afternoon), flew the traffic pattern, dropped his gear and flaps, turned final, and spun in. His turn into final was from about 600 feet and very steep. All looked normal until suddenly the left wing and nose dropped, he turned, and went almost



straight in. There was a sudden explosion near the end of the runway, dust, fire and black smoke, but no fire truck or ambulance rushed out. In a few moments, the sunny Chinese countryside resumed its usual quiet.

One wondered: Does this signify the end of the very frustrating, at times senseless, chapter we know as “China” or is it an omen – a sign of what lies ahead? It could have been either. Like the many fine friends these Crews had lost “in” China, it seemed so needless; for Captain Reida’s Crew, it may have been an omen, for most of them were flying their 35<sup>th</sup> (last) mission when they were killed on takeoff, July 3 1945, when Lt. Col. Theodore Watson was flying as their pilot.

After the P-38 crash, the four Crews waited a few minutes (until time to Start Engines), pulled the props through, fired up, and taxied out. They now knew they were bound for North Field, Tinian and that night would pass just south of Hong Kong, cross the Philippines, and reach Tinian soon after dawn next morning ... another routine night in the life of the 468<sup>th</sup>.

Theirs was an uneventful flight. Dark, lots of stars. They cruised (without running lights, on autopilot) at about 18-20,000 feet; Pilots and Co-Pilots dozed while maintaining a listening watch on the “command” radios; Radio Operators “pounded the brass”; Flight Engineers fought sleep as they monitored and logged engine performance and adjusted engine power settings; Navigators and Radar Operators were steadily occupied, “doing their thing” (tracking the ship’s flight path, calculating groundspeed, winds aloft, drift and estimated times of arrival at each turning point/destination); Gunners read, dozed, talked and kept watchful eyes on the engines; every ear was fine-tuned to the plane’s sounds – the steadiness of the engines’ drone, the creaking of fuselage and wings as they moved through air pockets and turbulence. Near dawn, the Navigator reported, “Tinian in 15 minutes”. Fifteen minutes later, the Bombardier peered down through the nose, turned, looked over his left shoulder at the Pilot, smiled and pointed down. The Pilot turned off the autopilot, called to the Engineer, “Power coming off”, eased back the throttles, rolled into a descending left turn, and got one of the biggest surprises while flying – it looked like Manhattan down there! Everything was lit up like Ringling Brothers’ Circus, LSTs were lined up along the west side of the island (like cigars in a box), two-lane paved roads, with dozens of trucks, jeeps and weapons carriers moving in large numbers were all over the place. The island crawled with activity. Among the flight Crews seeing it for the first time, there was an emotional surge, a feeling of “Yippee!” we’re back with our own kind of people and ships can bring us all the fuel we’ll ever need, the ocean – that limitless highway – is right at the door and we won’t have to haul fuel to the boondocks and have to try to operate from there.

North Field Tinian was a sight to see. There were four parallel runways, all paved, and 6,500 feet long. There were no intersecting runways and no other airport like it in the world. It was virtually at sea level – ideal for operating reciprocating engines – and year-round, the wind blew day and night from one direction, or its opposite. The terrain between it and the target (Japan, 1,600 miles away) allowed you to cruise at 3,000 feet in relative safety until one had to climb to bombing altitude. For these Crews, the daunting mountains of China – with its 11,00, 12,000 or 22,000 foot instrument minima – were suddenly things of the past. And weather? You might encounter two fronts between Tinian and Japan, but they were of far less concern than a typical one-way trip across the Hump, with none of the terrain problems the Hump presented. To these Crews, this was



“a piece of cake”.

Almost immediately, the Crews felt as if, at last, they were in a place from which the performance originally expected from the B-29 (and themselves) could be realized – a great morale booster!

A “Follow Me” jeep led each Crew to a hardstand, and all sensed they were items of curiosity for, as they taxied by other planes, Crews stopped to stare at their peculiar nose and tail markings, the strings of bombs painted on their noses, etc. It was as if an unknown troop of dusty Indian fighters had straggled into a frontier post and started to bed down with the regular garrison – each knew those “others” were friends, and just wondered what tales they had to tell.

6 X 6 trucks picked up the Crews and hauled them to the 313<sup>th</sup> Wing’s living area – about a mile from the field. The XXth Bomber Command passengers were transported to their quarters and the Combat Crews were assigned a couple of Squad Tents with folding camp cots. A bare light bulb hung in each tent, but there was no other furniture or fixtures. In a day or so, each man realized there were no natives to do the laundry, so early on, one of the Kharagpur’s “conveniences” was missed – but little else of Kharagpur.

Most did their laundry by hand or rigged a washing machine from whatever was available. A popular arrangement was to fabricate a windmill (blades from a discarded bomb shipping crate, tub from an artillery shell shipping can, crankshaft fabricated by Squadron welder, etc.) It made the laundry less work, but nothing ever got pressed.

A chair required more of the same. Fabricate a frame from discarded bomb boxes, scrounge a couple of yards of duck/canvas, and assemble it into a folding lawn chair. Not ideal, but is beat sitting on a discarded bomb box. One’s ingenuity was what limited one’s physical comforts, for somewhere on that island, anything could be scrounged.

The Crews were assigned for Temporary Duty with different Groups of the 313<sup>th</sup> Wing (on North Field, Tinian). One 468<sup>th</sup> Crew was assigned to the 5<sup>th</sup> Squadron, 9<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, a Group commanded by Colonel Henry Huglin, a young West Pointer.

A week later, General LeMay commenced the massive mining campaign – Operation Starvation – and the 5<sup>th</sup> Squadron sent its 468<sup>th</sup> Crew to lay a half dozen mines in the harbor at Omura – the Naval Base on the west side of Kyushu and an old friend the 468<sup>th</sup> repeatedly visited from China. Nagasaki was the IP. The Pilot later said, “I’d never understood what “leadership” means to a fighting man until last night”. When he went to the plane around 5:00 pm, he felt uneasy about the mission and decided that if anything was wrong with the plane, they weren’t going. The preflight and engine run-up went smoothly, and just before starting to taxi, the Squadron CO ran up to the front of the airplane, crawled up the entrance ladder, and asked if he could go along – the plane he had been going with just aborted. The Pilot said, “Sure, grab a chute and let’s go,” and, as he watched the Colonel run to get his parachute, the Pilot thought, “Colonel, if you can take this mission, so can we, so let’s go!” Instantly, the presence of leadership had changed his attitude from reluctance to eagerness. He never forgot this.

That night was “black as the inside of a cow” and, around 9:00 pm, the Crew passed



(under the left wing) Iwo Jima for the first time (they would pass it many times, but never stopped there). Its south end had been freed and was lit up like a Xmas tree – Seabees were working through the night, converting it for our use, but except for muzzle flashes and tracers flying around, the north was totally black. God bless those wonderful US Marines – they were hard at work on the north end – and the Pilot wondered what those poor guys thought when they looked up and saw an Air Crew flying comfortably past as they went through hell on the ground. (A few weeks later, he got his answer: They said they “Loved it, and it was a great inspiration to be having such a tough fight on the ground, to then look up and see a ’29 heading for the homeland to “give it” to them there, “ etc.)

A couple hours later, the Crew approached Nagasaki from the east and, without seeing a light or any sign of life, turned northward, made their run on Omura, released the mines, broke away to the right, and headed for home.

It had been a milk run...no lights, muzzle flashes, tracers, or signs of life in the Omura area.

Several nights later, Tokyo Arsenal (Tokyo #3) was scheduled and the 468<sup>th</sup>'s four Crews went. The 9<sup>th</sup> Group scheduled 4 airplanes to start engines every two minutes, and expected the delays Crews frequently experienced to prevent all four from arriving at the head of the runway at the same time. Pilots were instructed to maintain radio silence, and – after completing their engine run-up in the hardstands – to watch the number of ships awaiting takeoff at the head of the runway, and taxi so not more than 3 or 4 ships were at the head of the runway at any one time. As each plane came to the head of the runway, an Operations Officer standing on the ground shined a white light at his feet 30 seconds before that airplane was to roll; and, when time came for that plane to takeoff, he switched the light to green, which told that Crew, get off the runway – either fly or get out of the way (onto a taxiway or return to your hardstand). Every 90 seconds an airplane was to leave each runway; with 3 runways pumping airplanes into the sky, on average, one left North Field every 30 seconds. General LeMay figured that the less time B-29s spent over the target, the fewer would be lost, so he wanted them off the ground and into the sky in minimum time. Efficiency was the name of the game.

Takeoff for “Tokyo #3” was around 6:00 pm. After Kharagpur and A-7, North Field seemed so “civilized”. Around 9:30 Iwo passed under the left wing and the target was reached around midnight. One of our Crews was about 2/3 of the way back in the bomber stream and for the last hour before reaching the target noticed a glow ahead, on the horizon. At first, they thought they might be seeing the Aurora Borealis, for the glow would slowly build up across the vault of the sky, remain somewhat bright for 30-40 seconds, then suddenly disappear. A few seconds later, it would start appearing again, slowly brighten, then repeat the rest of the cycle. This kept happening, with the glow slowly getting stronger. As they neared the coast, they finally realized that the glow was caused by Japanese searchlights shining on clouds and smoke over Tokyo. When they approached the IP (Initial Point), power was increased to 2200 rpm and 35 inches, Auto Rich, and the airspeed crept up to 250 mph indicated. As they started a left turn to cross the IP and enter the bomb run, they could see search lights pick up a single B-29, all concentrate on it, and stay on it until it was either shot down or had moved across the target and beyond their range on the other side. They caught glimpses of other airplanes flying behind or off to the side of a plane caught in the lights.



Suddenly, being in the dark, staying in the dark seemed so important! Each began to wonder, “Where do we fit in all this? Will we reach the target just in time to catch the lights, or what?”

The answer was “yes”.

As they entered their bomb run, the Radar Operator started calling sighting angles to the Bombardier (over the interphone), and the first light caught them. Suddenly, it was joined by light from all sides, and, in the cockpit, it seemed bright enough to read a newspaper. A few moments later, what looked like a few grains of rice shot out straight – out in front of the plane – as if from its belly – and, a moment or two later, disappeared in the darkness. It could have come from their lower-forward turret...then the Pilot realized he had NOT heard or felt the lower-forward turret fire; a moment later, another flock of rice pellets spurted straight forward, as if out of the belly and burned out in the darkness. The Pilot started to say, “What...?” and the Co-Pilot broke in with, “Night fighter!” The Radar Officer was busy reading his calculations to the Bombardier, the autopilot made a slight course correction, and the Pilot said to the Tail Gunner (over the interphone), “Red, take a shot at that fighter!” There was silence and the Pilot wondered how badly the inboard engines/props had been shot up, and whether the Tail Gunner had been hit. Suddenly, there was another batch of “rice”. More tracers flew out into the darkness and the Pilot thought, “They say, ‘Never reverse a turn when in front of your enemy,’ but this guy has us “cold” so, why not complicate his life? He again told the Tail Gunner to “Take a shot at that fighter” and then another flock of rice flew out into the darkness. A moment later, the bombs went away and the Pilot wrenched the plane into its breakaway turn. Suddenly the searchlights went off. They were out of their range and in total darkness, headed northeastward toward “lands end” where they were to leave the Japanese coast. All four engines still ran normally --- it seemed a miracle.

About 20 miles off the coast, the Tail Gunner called and advised that a large, white, glowing light seemed to be following them. He was unsure how close the light was, but said it seemed to be several miles back and maintaining the same course and speed as they were flying. A few minutes later, he advised that the light seemed to be getting closer. A little later he advised that it seemed to be falling behind. Finally, he called and reported that it had suddenly gone out. (The Crew never learned what caused this light.) Fifteen minutes later, he asked permission to come forward from the tail position, permission was granted and the Pilot asked him to come up to the pilot’s station. When he arrived up front, he said, “Boy, was I glad that you turned when you did.” The Pilot asked, why, and the Tail Gunner replied, “Automatic weapons fire was coming up right behind the wing’s trailing edge – between the wing and the horizontal stabilizer – and I thought, for sure, they’ve got us!”

The Crew in the front compartment had seen no automatic weapons fire, and the Pilot asked, “Why didn’t you take a shot at that fighter on our tail?” The Gunner replied, “I was so blinded by the lights, I couldn’t see anything to our rear...”

Next morning, when they landed at North Field, Tinian, there were no holes in the props or engines, but a 40-millimeter shell (from a ground battery?) was imbedded in the stress plate of the left wing. It had failed to explode...and so it went.



Their next mission was Nagoya #2 – at night. There weren’t as many lights as at Tokyo and they didn’t get caught by them, so they dumped their load on the target, turned and made their way home.

Next came #4 Tokyo – Kawasaki – where “their fillings were loosened” as they plowed through the firestorm over the city. As the plane passed through the cloud, it sounded as if a giant were rattling a toolbox. The 313<sup>th</sup> earned a Distinguished Unit Citation at Kawasaki, which these 468<sup>th</sup> people were entitled to wear.

One of the last things the 5<sup>th</sup> Squadron assigned to its 468<sup>th</sup> Crew to do was fly as part of a 3-ship training mission to one of the rocks on the island chain north of Saipan. General LeMay had one more tactic he was considering: having 3-ship vees of B-29s go in on the deck in broad daylight and bomb high priority, pinpoint targets. The planes were loaded with practice bombs and ammunition for this missions and the Crews briefed to fly V-formation, go in on the deck with Bombardiers of the wing airplanes shooting forward (using the 6 guns in the two forward turrets), the Bombardier in the lead ship was to drop on the target (using Kentucky Windage), the Co-Pilots of the two wing airplanes were to toggle their loads on the leader, and the Tail Gunners to strafe (“just keep their heads down”) as the formation left the target. The flight took about 3 hours. A half dozen or more passes were made, and our Crew came away convinced that a lot of lead shot “out front” may very well come bouncing back toward whoever does the shooting. They were thankful General LeMay never used this tactic.

And, one of the 468<sup>th</sup>s Crews was sent to fly a Dumbo Mission, where it was top cover for a US submarine about 50 miles off the coast of Japan. A large raft was loaded into their rear bomb bay and they were briefed on how to maneuver to drop it, given frequencies and instructions on how to contact the sub on that station, and sent on their merry way. It turned out to be a very dull flight. They proceeded to a point over the ocean, south of the Japanese coast, called, contacted the sub (heard him “Loud and Clear”), but never saw any sign of him. He wasn’t taking any chances.

Around the 10<sup>th</sup> of Ma, the 468<sup>th</sup>s main force arrived at West Field and the four Crews at North Field fired-up, took off, and flew around to West Field, landed and rejoined their respective Squadrons. There was little they could tell their Squadron mates about operating from the Marianas other than that it seemed a far easier place from which to operate than the CBI. These Crews had ferried part of the Wing Staff to Tinian and flown 2-3 missions a week with the 313<sup>th</sup> Wing, a well-run, efficient outfit. Even so, they were happy to be back with the 468<sup>th</sup> for, to them, it was the best outfit there was.



**APPENDIX IV**  
**THE LAST MISSION OF THE MARY ANN**  
**BY**  
**MAJOR CLARENCE McPHERSON**



XX

**HEADQUARTERS 58<sup>TH</sup> BOMBARDMENT WING  
APO 247, c/o POSTMASTER  
San Francisco, California**

**SUBJECT: Commendation**

**THRU: Commanding Officer, 468<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Group  
APO 247, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California**

**TO: Major Clarence C. McPherson, O-397 564  
794<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadron, 468<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Group  
APO 247, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California**

1. The outstanding record of accomplishment made by your Squadron during the period 17 June to 20 July 1945, is in the finest traditions of the Army Air Forces. During the accelerated incendiary bombing program, aimed against the medium sized industrial cities of the Japanese Empire, your Squadron has participated in ten combat missions. The records indicate that you scheduled on hundred fourteen aircraft for these missions and that one hundred fourteen aircraft bombed the primary target. The continuous performance of perfect individual night missions, without an abort of an early return, with every aircraft effective against the primary target, is one of which you can be extremely proud.
2. These operations definitely indicate superb leadership, outstanding training, briefing, and indoctrination of your Combat Crews, and superior maintenance and inspection on the part of your ground personnel. Perfect coordination and teamwork was required, as well as an indomitable spirit of aggressiveness, to establish so fine a record. It is a record that reflects great credit upon you, your Squadron, your Group, the 58<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Wing and the Army Air Forces.
3. The effectiveness of your Squadron has contributed in large measure to the war effort, and should be a source of gratification to every member of the unit. It is with genuine pleasure that I commend you upon your accomplishment.
4. A copy of this letter will be filed with your military records.

**R.M. RAMEY  
Brigadier General, USA  
Commanding**



**Basic: Commendation, dated 30 July 1945**

**201-McPherson, Clarence C. (O). Ist Ind.  
Headquarters 468<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Group, APO 247, 31 July 1945**

**JVE/aa**

**TO: Major Clarence C. McPherson, O-397 564, 794<sup>th</sup> Bomb Sq. APO 247**

**It is with a great deal of personal pride and pleasure that this commendation from General Ramey is forwarded to you. You can be justifiably proud of your work since assuming command of the 794<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadron. The aggressiveness, leadership ability and military proficiency you have displayed, as shown by the record of your Squadron, justifies the faith I have always had in your ability.**

**JAMES V. EDMUNDSON  
Colonel, Air Corps  
Commanding**



### THE LAST MISSION OF THE MARY ANN

We took off from Cheng-tu, China (A-7) in B-29 A/C 42-24494 (Mary Ann) at 0445 January 17 1945 on a combat mission to Formosa. The bomb load was twenty-seven (27) five hundred lb. M-64 type bombs. The night instrument take-off was normal and a climb on course was started. At an indicated altitude of 6,500 feet, the Flight Engineer said that number three engine oil cooler shutter would not work either in automatic or manual positions. I leveled off and throttled back number three engine while the Engineer checked the oil cooler fuse. The fuse was okay, so a 180-degree turn was made to return to base. Number three engine was left running at minimum rpm in the event it was needed for a go-around upon landing and the Engineer was instructed to notify me if oil pressure started dropping on the engine.

We returned to and circled the field once, letting down to 3,000 feet indicated altitude (fifteen hundred feet above field elevation). I made an instrument approach with 1/10<sup>th</sup> mile visibility (due to fog, darkness and drizzle). When we crossed the field boundary we were to the side of the runway and the landing had to be aborted. Power was applied to the three good engines and the gear was raised immediately. The aircraft continued to settle so power was also applied to number three engine. RPM and manifold pressure were increased to take-off power prior to raising flaps. Our line of flight from the field was 360 degrees magnetic, air speed 150 miles per hour, altitude 100 feet above terrain and flight condition total instruments. Flaps were raised to twenty-five degrees, airspeed increased to 170 miles per hour, and an altitude of three hundred feet above the terrain was attained.

As manifold pressure was reduced, the Engineer called that the nose oil pressure was going to zero on number three engine. I told the Co-Pilot to feather number three prop but the prop ran away at the same instant and would not feather. We were losing altitude and airspeed fast so manifold pressure was increased to take-off power again on the three good engines and the airplane trimmed. I knew the engines would not stand that power setting long and altitude could not be gained so I ordered the Bombardier to salvo the bombs. The bombs struck the ground almost immediately and part of all of the load exploded.

The blast was terrific. The front bomb bay bulkhead door was blown in, shrapnel splattered the plane and fire flashed all around us. I felt the heat and blast from the bombs through my side window (which I had opened on approach). The plane banked almost vertically to the right as shrapnel cut the rudder cables. I thought the plane was going in immediately and no one would get out, however I flipped on the emergency bailout alarm. I rolled the plane out of the right bank with the ailerons and pushed the nose down to prevent an immediate stall. We were turned into the hills bordering the river, but the force of the blast (augmented by the loss of the bomb load) increased our altitude about 500 feet. The airplane was very sluggish, required nearly full left aileron to maintain wing level flight and due to the gear being down, the bomb bay doors open and a prop windmilling we were losing the altitude we gained from the blast.

The Radio Operator bailed out as the Co-Pilot lowered the nose wheel and he landed safely. The Bombardier followed the Radio Operator out but his chute didn't open in time and he was killed (his third bailout). The Engineer followed the Bombardier out and it appeared from cuts on his face that he rolled up in his shroud lines when the chute



opened and was strangled to death. The Co-Pilot then bailed out and landed okay. I turned to leave my seat when the Navigator appeared from behind the gun turret and came forward and asked if he could jump with one leg strap unfastened. I told him to get going.

He went back to the hatch (nose wheel well) fastening the strap on the way back. He then returned to the front and asked if I was going to fly the plane in. At the time, I was flying totally by instruments, fighting to keep the plane from stalling, and expecting to hit a hill any second. I told him to get out as he was slowly killing me. When I saw him disappear through the nose wheel well, I left my seat just as I thought I saw a hill loom in front of the plane. I pulled my rip cord ring free of the container on my way back to the wheel well, dropped down to the bottom rung of the ladder and fell free of the airplane. As soon as I felt the slipstream, I jerked my ripcord and saw the chute stream out. The chute opened with a sharp crack, the risers jerked hard, and it seemed as if I was stopped in mid-air for a couple of seconds (nice feeling).

Simultaneously, the plane hit the ground and exploded. The sound of rending metal, exploding oxygen bottles and ammunition, and a sheet of flame filled the air. I had a sudden sensation of moving backwards rapidly and the ground coming up at me. Just as I started to pull on my risers, I heard a cracking of branches and felt myself going through the branches of a tree. When the din died away, I found myself swinging gently in my chute, which was hanging in a tree, and my toes could just touch the bank of the ravine I landed in. I left my chute hanging in the tree, and in the darkness, slowly made my way to the burning plane close by. The aircraft crashed in a lake and the top gun turret, a wheel, and burning gasoline were catapulted onto land. I reached the scene at the same time as the Navigator, who landed okay. It was just then breaking daylight to the east.

In the rear of the plane during the bailout, the Left Gunner went out the open rear bomb bay doors and landed safely; the Senior Gunner helped the Right Gunner out when he froze in the rear door and followed him through. The Right Gunner's chute did not open in time and he was killed – the Senior Gunner landed okay. The Radar Operator followed the Senior Gunner out and landed safely; the Tail Gunner followed the Radar Man out but his chute didn't open in time and he was killed. I could not see the ground during the bailout but survival depended on landing between hills in the rolling terrain. Of the seven successful bailouts, one man had a slight limp for a day or two from a turned ankle but the other six men had nothing more than slight scratches or bruises. Of the four men killed, all died instantly.

Major Clarence C. McPherson  
792<sup>nd</sup> Sqd.  
468<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group  
58<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing



### CERTIFICATE

Before daylight on the morning of 17 January 1945, we took off from our base in China to go on a bombing mission over Formosa. There was poor visibility and some overcast. I was the Navigator and Major Clarence C. McPherson was the Pilot of A/C 42-24494, name “Mary Ann”. We weren’t on course long before I realized that we were having trouble with #3 engine. The Engineer, Lt. Stanley Gray, was unable to eliminate the trouble, so we headed back to the Base.

We had adequate altitude and air speed and seemed in no serious trouble. We were only a short way from the field, so I put on my parka coat instead of my parachute and sat down to watch my instruments and wait for the landing.

I heard the gear go down and felt the approach. About the same time I heard the power applied to the engines. I looked out my window and saw that we had missed the runway and would have to go around. Next, I heard Lt Gray say, “She’s winding up” as I reached for my parachute. Now I knew we were in trouble, so I stood up to get into my chute. As I got to my feet I heard the bomb racks click and knew that we had salvoed. Almost simultaneously with the clicking of the racks came a tremendous explosion. I remember a rending noise and a rattle as if rocks were thrown on a tin roof. The ship seemed to lurch violently and I thought we had exploded. I seemed to be under the radio table and my leg was hurting. I don’t know whether I sensed or saw the men going out the nose wheel well. I did see someone go that I thought was Major Mac. One thing stood out clearly, however, I had to act quickly and even then it would be a miracle if I made it. I took off my harness and straightened it. Took off my parka coat and it went out the open bulkhead door, and then put back on my harness. I fastened it on the way to the flight deck and also picked up my chute pack and snapped it in place. I was about to jump and thanking God for the miracle when I saw Major Mac. I didn’t think he knew I was still there and he sat so calm flying that plane that I got the impression that he was going to try for a landing. I leaned over and asked if he wasn’t coming. He grinned and said, “Roe, you’re slowly killing me, get out of here.”

I stepped off from the flight deck into the well, pulling my ripcord on the way through. When the chute didn’t come out right away, I threw it out by hand. As it opened, I looked behind me and saw another white spot in the sky not far away. I saw tops of trees too and before I could turn around I hit the ground. I came down in a spaded up paddy and didn’t even receive a bruise.

Just as I hit the ground, the ship also hit with a terrific explosion. I gathered up my chute and struck off for the wreckage, and arrived at the same time as Major McPherson. We were both less than a half-mile from the wreckage.

It was a miracle that I got out of that plane, but I have Major McPherson to thank for it as well as God. He stayed behind to give me a chance, when he expected each moment to be out last.

MARTIN D. ROE  
1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Air Corps  
Navigator-Bombardier  
A/C 42-24494



## **APPENDIX V**

### **THE POST WAR YEARS**

- 1. The Meaning of the China-Burma-India Matterhorn Operations  
Major General Haywood S. Hansell, Jr.**
- 2. The Post War Years  
E. W. Tyndall**



**The Meaning of the China-Burma-India Matterhorn Operations**

**By**

**Major General Haywood S. Hansell, Jr**

**July 18 1985**

**58<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing Association Reunion  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 1985**

I think tonight I'd like to talk to you, not about operations...you are all familiar with operations...know more about it than I do and I'm sure your memories are far better than mine...but I'd like to talk to you a little bit about the background for those operations in the Marianas.

Those operations represented the finest chapter in the history of American airpower...the rise to American airpower. It's a fairly short history...it only lasted about 20 years...I'd like to talk to you about the salient points in the progress.

It all started with General Billy Mitchell. Right after World War I, he contended that the airplane had brought...not just a new weapon...but a new way of waging war. In the past, armies had fought each other...sometimes for years...before they could get at the interior of the enemy country. Mitchell contended that with the airplane it was possible to overfly those armies and go directly to the real objective, which was the interior of the enemy country. That's where the power lay, that's where the defeat and victory lay. And this, according to Billy Mitchell, was a new way to wage war.

The Air Force Tactical School picked up the idea in the 30's, and codified it, and developed the tactical doctrine...the strategic doctrine.

And, they looked at it pretty much this way: There were three general ways in which airpower could be applied in war:

One of them against enemy armed forces—particularly air forces—and the things that support them directly, supplies and things of that nature.

The second way was to attack cities, in an effort to break the will of the people who live there.

And there was a third way that influenced both—and that was to destroy or paralyze the great industrial systems that supported both the enemy armed forces and the people. Such things as the electric power system, for instance. No wheel of industry, no machine tool turns anywhere without electric power. If the power system could be paralyzed, it would carry with it the paralysis of the enemy nation. Another system was transportation. Goods have to be transported, manufactured, delivered. If the transportation system can be broken down, once again it brings paralysis to the industry and economy of the enemy nation. A third is energy—petroleum products primarily—refineries, synthetic plants, gas pipelines. Modern industry depends upon a source of energy.



The Tactical School concluded that there were sensitive points in all these systems which could be targets—and, if they were destroyed, it would bring paralysis and with it victory through air power.

The War Department took violent exception to this idea. They stated that, “Victory in war can come only through victory on the battlefield—that the whole purpose of war is to defeat an enemy army.” They went so far as to say that, “The Air Force has no mission except the support of the Army, and, in 1940, they cancelled all 4-engine bomber requests from the budget.

Obviously, the two ideas were on a collision course.

Then in July of 1941, an event took place that marked the turning point in the whole history of air power. The President became very much concerned about what was going on in Europe. Hitler’s armies had swept through Western Europe—he turned then upon Russia and was carving out great chunks of Russian territory—actually capturing thousands upon thousands, literally hundreds of thousands of Russian prisoners.

The President wrote to letters—identical—to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of Navy. Those letters asked, “What should be the production requirement to achieve superiority and defeat our enemies?” The War Department General Staff undertook to answer both the Air Corps and the Army, and was preparing statements of air requirements based upon the number of divisions that would be used.

General Arnold had just gotten permission to establish an Air Staff—and there was an Air War Plans Division headed by Colonel Harold George—who had headed up the Strategic Concepts at the Tactical School. He went to General Arnold and asked that the job of Air Requirements be transferred to his Section, and General Arnold arranged this, and by the time he got that permission, there were only 7 days left in which to complete the Air Force requirements.

Harold George accepted—to start with—the Grand Strategy then agreed upon with the British, that the first objective would be to defeat Hitler. That a defense would be taken up in the Pacific and, until that (Hitler’s defeat) had been accomplished, we would not turn upon Japan.

George set up as his Strategic Objective an Air Offensive against the interior of Germany—to destroy their war-making capability, and make possible—surrender without invasion possible—and if not, the support of an invasion.

To meet this requirement, he came up with some staggering numbers. The primary targets in Germany would be electric power, transportation and petroleum industries.

To destroy those systems, he called for 11,000 bombers—including 24 groups of B-29s—11,000 fighters and fighter-bombers, 2,000 reconnaissance aircraft, 1,000 transports, and 37,000 trainers—a total of 62,000 airplanes. We actually had on hand about 5,000. To man that force and operate it, he called for 2,125,000 people in uniform. We had about 50,000.



It was a perfectly staggering proposal and I know of no one, but Harold George, who had the courage to make it to the General Staff. It called for a 1,000 percent increase in aircraft and a 4,000 percent increase in personnel—all in 3 years.

The plan was presented to the General Staff with General Marshall present and, it around very vigorous opposition. When the questions were raised, Harold George answered them very simply. He said, “This is what it takes. If we’re not prepared to provide it, we’d better stay out of the war.” When the arguments had finally subsided, General Marshall spoke at last. He said, “I think the plan has merit. I should like for the Secretary to hear it.” Secretary Stimson approved it. It was approved for production by Harry Hopkins. And that set the program for the entire Army Air Forces—for the conduct of the war.

The following August—a year later—the President again asked for air requirements, and the answer this time was 127,000 airplanes—for 1943. This included the Navy, and our allies, and combat attrition. At that time, the B-29s were switched from the European theatre to the Pacific. The B-17s and B-24s were doing pretty well in Europe; the B-29s wouldn’t be ready for another 2 years, and their great range would be needed in the Pacific.

Still another year went by—another August and there was a meeting of the Combined Chiefs of Staff at Quebec, with the President and Mr. Churchill. It was agreed, at that time, that there would be an invasion of Normandy the following year, and a new theatre established—the Southeast Asia Command with Admiral Lord Mountbatten in command. And, the proviso was made that General Stillwell would command all US Army forces in the theatre—including the Air Forces. No mention was made of a strategic war against Japan. At that time—at the close of the meeting—General Arnold submitted a plan called “Matterhorn” with which you are familiar. It called for the establishment of bases in India, by the British—the building of bases in Cheng-tu, China by Chiang Kai Shek—the attack of targets in Japan—and the supply—over the Hump—by air.

The original plan called for 2,000 B-24 type aircraft as tankers to support the B-29s. The plan was submitted to the Joint Logistics Committee and they “threw up their hands and hollered”. They said, “It is totally unfeasible—from the standpoint of logistics.

The Joint Plans Committee wanted the B-29s sent to MacArthur, Southwest Pacific. This was the very thing General Arnold was trying to avoid. He wanted to use the B-29s against Japan. He knew very well that if the Bomber Command and the B-29s went to MacArthur, he’d never get them back! MacArthur would use them to further his surface campaign and they probably would be augmented. If MacArthur had a command of B-29s in the Southwest Pacific, so would Nimitz in the Central Pacific, and the whole concept of a strategic air war against Japan would be dissipated.

The only place where B-29s could be put—and still hit Japan—was China. General Arnold persisted in his plan—and it was opened up again—at the Cairo Conference—3 months later, with the President, Mr. Churchill, and Chiang Kai Shek present. General Arnold found a surprising advocate for the B-29 operation in China—the President had made a number of personal commitments to Chiang Kai Shek, not a one



of which had been met—he was embarrassed—he wanted to provide some evidence of support for China, and there was very considerable worry that China might fold. He seized upon the Matterhorn project as something that would meet that requirement. Chiang Kai Shek agreed to build the bases in China—Churchill agreed to have the bases built in Calcutta—and the program was on the way—over the bitter protest of the Joint Logistics Committee who still contended that it “couldn’t be done”.

There were 2 other things that occurred—affecting the B-29s at this excellent conference in Cairo.

I came back from England and became the Joint Air Planner, Air Plane Committee, just before this Sexton Conference, and I found—to my horror—that the Far East Joint War Plans Committee had setup a Plan for the Conquest of Japan. The opening paragraph said, “It has been clearly shown, in Europe, that airpower is not decisive, therefore, all plans for the conquest of Japan must be based upon an invasion of the home islands and victorious battles on the plains of Tokyo.”

We got that idea changed—with a great deal of difficulty—and when the Council woke up, the plans for the future did contain a strategic air offensive against Japan—to destroy the interior structure of Japan, and its capability and willingness to continue the war. It was, again, a bid for “victory through air power”. It also directed Admiral Nimitz to capture the Marianas as bases for the B-29s.

So far, so good.

But the problem of command again, was staring us in the face. There were 16 wings of B-29s contemplated for the war against Japan. Some would be in China. Some in the Marianas—when we took them. Some in Northern Luzon, when the Philippines were captured. Some in the Aleutians. All separate theatres. The problem of how to conduct an air war over Japan from such scattered bases, with separate commands in each one of them was very—it seemed staggering!

But the Army and the Navy were devoted to the idea of Unity of Command—but they approached it in very different ways. The Army assigned every force within a territorial area or geographical area to a single theatre commander. The Navy didn’t do that. The Navy retained operational command of warships—wherever they might be in a chain of operational command that went all the way back to the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington.

We went to Admiral King and presented our problems to him, and suggested to him that the B-29s, really, should have a similar chain of command—a single operating command, reporting directly to the Joints Chiefs of Staff, with the theater commanders charged with support of the forces and building of bases, and defense—but without operational control. Admiral King thought a few minutes and said, “I\* could find such a solution acceptable.”

And that was another turning point in the history of air power—because it made possible setting up the 20<sup>th</sup> Air Force, with General Arnold at its head, commanding the B-29s wherever they might be, regardless of the theatre commanders who were charged with defense, building of bases, and bulk supplies.



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It was a pretty good solution, and, I think, worked quite well.

I would like to digress for a moment—I said I wasn’t going to talk about operations—but I’d like to compare the operations in the European theater with those in the Pacific. I had a B-17 outfit in England, and, if I may diverge for a moment, my headquarters was only about 17 miles from Cambridge, a great British University, and I had an opportunity to do a little research at Cambridge. I found out something that surprised me, and, I suspect, will surprise you. You know, most people think George Washington was born in Virginia! This isn’t so. George Washington was born in Texas! And, his father didn’t have a plantation. He had a big ranch. And, he came out of the ranch house one day and said, “Who cut down my favorite mesquite tree”? Little George stepped up and said, “Father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut down your mesquite tree with my machete.” His father said, “What’s that you said, son?” George replied, “Father, I cannot tell a lie, I cut down you mesquite tree with my machete.” His father said, “Well son, if you can’t tell a lie, there’s no future for you here in Texas, so we’re going to send you to Virginia.”

To return to the more mundane features of the war, there were 4 major obstacles to air operations in both theaters:

The first one was command. We didn’t handle that well in the European theater. 40% of the heavy bombers were sent to Eisenhower in the Mediterranean, where they were used to support the land operations. They were out of range of the targets in Germany. Even after Eisenhower moved up to England, for the invasion, he succeeded in having all the heavy bombers, including the British Bomber Command, assigned to him directly, and for six months, they operated in support of the surface operations to the neglect of the interior of Germany. General Arnold was determined to avoid that, if possible, in the Pacific Theater. The 20<sup>th</sup> Air Force handled that for us, all right, in the Pacific.

The second point was fighter opposition. Fighter opposition in Germany was EXTREMELY tough. The Germans were well equipped, well trained, and very courageous. Very skillful. And, we took very heavy losses. It looked bad though—there was some doubt about whether we were going to be able to make it—until the escort fighters came along. They saved the day for us, and it was common knowledge on everybody’s part, that the one thing you must not do was launch a bomber invasion without escort fighters. Well, in the Pacific, there was no prayer of providing escort fighters for months to come. There was nothing that could compare with the range of the B-29, and it had to operate without fighter escort, regardless of what we had learned. But, the B-29 was a better fighting machine than the B-17. It had high performance at high altitude—it had excellent fire control—and lots of it—and was able to survive against the Japanese fighters that were neither as skillful nor well equipped as the Germans—although the going got pretty tough on occasion.

The third point was bombing accuracy. In the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force, the bombing was not good, but it was adequate. It was possible to destroy a selected target by bombing in formation. As you know, in the Pacific, we ran into EXTREMELY high winds at high altitude and bombing accuracy suffered very materially. As a matter of fact, it was almost impossible to hit anything at those high altitudes, and they had to start coming down in altitude in spite of the fact that would favor the Japanese fighters.



The fourth item was the most conclusive of all, and that was the weather.

Weather in Europe is bad—particularly in the winter. But, Germany is a big country and generally, 5 or 6 times a month, you could find a spot where the weather looked like you could see your target, and you could find primary targets in that area. So that it was possible to operate 5 or 6 times a month against primary, selected targets. Against Japan, this was simply not so. As you may remember, weather was bad...bad...bad...all the time. Very seldom did you get a clear day...to hit a selected target. The APQ-13 was not good enough for radar bombing...in the interior. I tried for 2 months to take out the selected targets...that I'd been given...LeMay tried for 2 months. We both had about the same result...neither one of us was successful. And, LeMay then made one of the critical decisions of the war...one of the FINE decisions.

He decided to turn to the attack of Japanese cities...which were extremely vulnerable...highly flammable, and to make that the main effort, and to continue with precision bombing only when it became possible...when it looked like the weather was going to break.

He then made one of the finest tactical decisions of the war...in deciding to come in at low altitude. It was a VERY DANGEROUS decision.

Nobody knew how good the defenses might be in Japanese cities at night. There was speculation...but there was no experience...and it took an AWFUL LOT OF GUTS to send the entire command in at 5,000 to 10,000 feet. Everybody thought they were going to be sitting ducks.

His decision was correct in both cases. And the results...I'm sure you're familiar with:

66 cities...either completely burned out or nearly burned out, and

A very decisive effect.

And, that coupled with the magnificent mining campaign—particularly the one of the Inland Sea---turned the trick.

When Mr. Truman became President, on Roosevelt's death, he called for an appraisal of the strategy for Japan. The Joint Chiefs of Staff queried MacArthur and Nimitz, and MacArthur came back with a very strong statement, saying that “It was utterly impossible to defeat Japan by airpower and sea blockade. The only way to bring defeat to Japan is by invasion of the home islands, culminating in victorious battles in Honshu and Kyushu.”

Admiral Nimitz tended to go along with that, although he was inclined to believe that sea blockade and air bombardment might bring about the defeat of Japan, but he admitted that, “it might take a long time”. General Marshall and Admiral King went along with MacArthur. General Arnold was not there.

General Arnold was, at that time, in Guam at LeMay's headquarters. And, General Arnold had begun to be skeptic about airpower too...he'd had so many disappointments.



But, when he saw the photographs at LeMay’s headquarters, and heard of the operational reports, he realized he had been too skeptical...Japan was on the verge of...was tottering at that time...and he felt sure Japan could be whipped...without invasion...by airpower.

He sent LeMay hurrying back to Washington to brief the Joint Chiefs and, if possible, the President. But, he got there too late. The President had already made up his mind and had launched the campaign for the invasion of Kyushu by the first of November...and, Honshu the following January.

Then the atomic bombs were dropped, and ended the whole argument. But...research after the war and inquiry of Japanese leaders told a very interesting story. Japan was defeated before the atomic bombs were dropped. She had actually started negotiations for peace two months before the bombs were dropped. Testimony from Admiral Nagama, the Chief of Staff of the Japanese Navy, said, “If you want one answer for your victory over us, I would give you, ‘the Air Force.’” Prince Konoye, the Prime Minister, said, “We realized that surrender was inevitable because of the long campaign by the B-29s.” The US Strategic Bombing Survey came to this conclusion: “it is the considered opinion of the Survey that Japan would have surrendered, certainly by the end of December—probably by the first of November—whether or not the atomic bombs had been dropped—whether or not Russia had entered the war—whether or not invasion had been planned or even contemplated.”

It was a tender of acknowledgement that airpower had done the job.

There is speculation—and I guess always will be—about the effectiveness of the China venture. I think there are 2 answers:

From an operational point of view, it was “not a success”. The Joint Logistics Committee was, unfortunately, correct—you just couldn’t supply B-29s over the hump and carry on a successful campaign.

But, from the standpoint of the strategic effect, I think it was a tremendous success! If we had not ventured upon that, the XXth Bomber Command would have wound up in the southwest Pacific—under MacArthur—the XXIst would surely have wound up under Nimitz, and the Air Assault on Japan would have been postponed indefinitely, and surely there would have been an invasion—with enormous loss.

I said, to start with, that you people were in on the final chapter of the vindication of American Concepts of Air Warfare. I repeat that.

I think that you have a great deal to be proud of...and, I should like to express my own pride in being here with you, and telling you so.

Thank you!

Major General Haywood S. Hansell, Jr



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**THE POST WAR YEARS  
BY  
E.W. TYNDALL**

After a Rest and Recreation leave we went to Roswell, New Mexico in early January 1946 and I was then put on a Crew with Lt. Col. McPherson to represent the 468<sup>th</sup> in Operation Crossroads, the Bikini Atomic Bomb Test. Five Bomb Crews were in competition, including Paul Tibbets’ Hiroshima Crew and one flown by Jack Catton, who later became a four star general. Our Crew dropped twenty-seven of the Nagasaki-type bombs in the competition to select a Crew, which would make the test, drop at Bikini. On the day of the test, July 1 1946, we flew radiological reconnaissance and saw the mushroom cloud from the time it formed until it had dissipated.

We went to Kwajalein in April for Crossroads and came back in August. Our Crew was then assigned to Davis-Monthan Field at Tucson where we were the standardization Crew in a Strategic Air Command bomb group for a short period. The McPhersons and I have kept in touch through the years, although we went separate ways in the Air Force.

I stayed on a B-29 Crew more than three years after the war had ended as part of a thirty-year career in the Air Force. When I retired from the Air Force, I went with Clemson University as Assistant to the President and am now retired from that job.